

Texas Oil Deposits.

The Houston (Texas) Post publishes a statement made by State Geologist E. T. Dumble concerning the oil deposits of Texas. In view of the recent discoveries in that state, an extract may be instructive:

So much has been printed of late years about artesian water and its manner of occurrence that I suppose every one understands that it does not exist in underground rivers and lakes as we find it on the surface, but in beds of sand occupying the minute spaces between the sand grains. Occasionally, of course, there may be a cavity of more or less extent but these are unusual, to say the least. The occurrence of oil deposits is exactly similar. Oil simply impregnates the sand beds, where it has collected through the process of distillation and condensation during untold years. Whether it was originally derived from the decomposition of marine animal life or plants or coal matters not. All have probably furnished material for it, and the nature of the material may be responsible for its being of an asphalt or a paraffine base, but those are points for scientific inquiry; at present we are more interested in the where than the why of such occurrences.

The first thing to ascertain, then, is the location and extent of such sand beds as may contain oil. In a general way this has already been done and the details given in our various reports and papers, of which the following is a brief restatement:

As we travel from the coast into the interior we pass over strips, or belts, of clays, sands and limestones of varying character and width. These are the exposed edges of numerous sheets or beds of these materials which were laid down as sediments beneath the water which formerly covered the entire region. From these exposures they slope downward toward the gulf shore and are overlain by later sediments; the edges of the older beds are therefore on the interior margin of the slope and the latter succeed one after another coming toward the coast.

The outcrops of these beds form a series of belts approximately parallel to the present gulf coast, and borings show that the underground slope of the beds is from twenty to fifty feet to the mile more than the surface slope of the country; for instance, the beds which occur at the surface around Hempstead were struck in the deep well at Galveston at less than 3,000 feet.

Our observations prove that many of the beds of sand are water-bearing, and that several are oil-bearing.

The Corsicana oil occurs in the sand at or near the base of the great beds of clay which underlie the black waxy prairie region of Central Texas, stretching from Paris on the north by Corsicana, Marlin and San Antonio to Eagle Pass on the west. The indications are that the oil may be found as far eastward as Tennessee Colony, in Anderson county, if no farther. It will probably occur in belts with unproductive land between. Its extension southwest will be similarly broken and probably wider areas, as in many places the sand appears to be entirely wanting. The wells of San Antonio are in this belt.

The next belt of which we have positive knowledge is that accompanying the lower lignite deposits, the out-crop of which cross the state from Texarkana via Athens, Calvert and Rockdale to the Rio Grande. The investigations of Dr. I. C. White in the oil fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia have proved that the variety of asphaltum known as Grahamite is one of the surface indications of oil deposits. I have found this mineral at several points, beginning at the Maverick-Webb county line on the Rio Grande and extending as far as Mexia. Other indications also occur and small quantities of oil have been found in the belt. It is altogether probable that prospecting here will bring results which will be valuable.

Another horizon still higher in these beds is that in which occurs the deposits found at Nacogdoches, those east of Palestine and on the southward through Atascosa county. These lie in or just below the base of the beds of brown sandstone and their value has been proved by actual boring below Nacogdoches, in Atascosa county and at intermediate points.

The next important horizon is that connected

with the belt of lignites, one bed of which is exposed at Manton Bluff, above La Grange, and the sands which overlie them. In this immediate vicinity the natural production of oil from lignite beds can be seen in progress. Positive proof of the presence of oil and gas in these beds is found in the Cervante wells near La Grange and the Greenvine well of Washington county.

With the exception of the Corsicana oil all of the horizons here mentioned are of the general age and character as those in California and they continue along the gulf coast well into Mexico. The oil bearing portions of these beds bid fair to prove as extensive as any known and are as yet practically untouched.

Still higher in the series, as we understand it, come the beds in which Beaumont has just encountered such a phenomenal supply. The conditions of the occurrence of these beds differs somewhat from those below and we expect the finding of oil along the coast to be more in distinct basins than may be the case with the lower oils, the sands of which appear to have greater continuity and are not divided into lenticular deposits.

Whether or not any of these oil deposits can be struck at any particular locality is a question to be answered only after investigation of the surface conditions in the vicinity or by actual boring. The surface indications are a guide where they exist, but oil may be sometimes found below when such evidence it apparently lacking or would only be detected by an expert observer.

The success which has already attended the search for oil will certainly stimulate others to undertake similar borings and the interest thus aroused will without doubt overflow in other channels and bring about the development of other mineral resources of the state which now lie dormant, largely because they are not properly appreciated or understood.

A Left-Handed Method.

The latest illustration of "doing evil that good may come" has been brought to light in Toronto, where a firm did a land office business as the result of advertising, as follows:

On receipt of \$1 we will send, securely sealed, a beautifully bound book of 400 pages, full of good things. Every sport should have one. The most wonderful book ever written. French and English translations. Prohibited in some countries. Write at once.

The confiding persons who forwarded a dollar received a fifteen-cent Bible. The Toronto detective department declined to interfere with the flourishing industry, on the ground that it would be inexpedient to interfere with the distribution of the gospel. Holy Scriptures are having a great and constantly increasing circulation, but it is apparent that the Toronto plan places them in the hands of many persons who would otherwise steer clear of Holy Writ. It is exasperating to think that bunco men are reaping the rich financial reward that comes from selling fifteen-cent Bibles for a dollar. Even in this enlightened period it is held legitimate to fight his satanic majesty with fire. Suppose that the Bible houses, the churches and other agencies for the dissemination of the gospel should undertake the Toronto plan, and thus compete with the bold, bad men who have stolen the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in? What would the Bible trust say of the plan?—Los Angeles Herald.

American Honesty.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but here is a hundred dollar bill that you dropped up the avenue. I followed you a square to return it."

"Thanks, a thousand times! Such honesty and kindness is appreciated, I assure you. But you are the gentleman I saw smiling on the car. Something enjoyable, I hope?"

"Yes; the conductor forgot to ask for my nickel." —Chicago Daily News.

Young man, in debt you must not go,

Or you'll be stamped as queer,

Unless a million you can owe—

You're then a financier.—Washington Star.

Briggs.—"Wonder how Stover is doing nowadays?" Griggs.—"Oh, he must be doing finely; must be making no end of money. You know he has always been troubled more or less with rheumatism. Well, he now calls it gout."—Boston Transcript.

For His Good.

Bertrand Shadwell, in Chicago Record.

"I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched and dishonored from pirate raids in Kiao-Chou, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of 'boodle' and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. Give her soap and towel, but hide the looking glass."—Mark Twain's Greeting to the Twentieth Century, written for the Red Cross Society.

If you see an island shore
Which has not been grabbed before,
Lying in the track of trade as islands should,
With the simple native quite
Unprepared to make a fight,
Oh, you just drop in and take it for his good.

Chorus:

Oh, you kindly stop and take it for his good,
Not for love of money, be it understood,
But you row yourself to land,
With a Bible in your hand,
And you pray for him, and rob him, for his good;
If he hollers, then you shoot him—for his good.

Yes, and still more far away,
Down in China, let us say,
Where the "Christian" robs the "heathen" for his good,
You may burn and you may shoot,
You may fill your sack with loot,
But be sure you do it only for his good.

Chorus:

When you're looting Chinese Buddhas for their good,
Picking opals from their eyeballs made of wood,
As you prize them out with care,
Just repeat a little prayer,
To the purport that you do it for their good;
Make your pocket-picking clearly understood.

Or this lesson I can shape
To campaigning at the cape,
Where the Boer is being hunted for his good,
He would welcome British rule
If he weren't a blooming fool.
Thus you see that it is only for his good.

Chorus (pianissimo):

So they're burning burghers' houses for their good,
As they pour the kerosene upon the wood,
I can prove them, if I list,
Every man an altruist,
Making helpless women homeless for their good;
Leaving little children roofless—for their good.

MORAL.

There's a moral to my song,
But it won't detain you long,
For I couldn't make it plainer if I would.
If you dare commit a wrong
On the weak because you're strong
You may do it—if you do it for his good.

The opinion, often expressed in a more or less bantering way, that Philadelphia is a slow city, behind the times in push and energy, is certainly not borne out by a discovery recently made in one of the public schools. The discovery was to the effect that, in a school of 315 pupils, 250 were in the habit of systematically "playing policy"—some of the youngsters on their own account, and others buying tickets for their relatives and friends!

This, it will be admitted, is a pretty ugly state of things; and it is not in any way improved when the additional information is forthcoming that, of those 315 pupils, only two are over twelve years of age! The story, in fact, sounds almost incredible; but, as it comes from the horror-stricken principal of the school concerned, and as several keepers of the policy shops that have sold tickets to the children are now in jail for the offense, we are bound to believe it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.